

Born of Fire

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Summary: The pyre scene from Game of Thrones/A Song of Ice and Fire if it was done by The Hobbit characters. Bilbo as Daenerys and Thorin as Drogo. The Hobbit and Game of Thrones and A Song of Ice and Fire Fusion.

Born of Fire

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing.\*\*

\*\*This is what you get when my friends and I start talking about the weirder tags.\*\*

Bilbo stood stoically before his beloved Thorin's massive Pyre. He was silent as his newly claimed blood riders, Fili and Kili strode toward and past him, dragging the creature that cost him his lover and his child. It's name, Gollum or Smeagol or whatever its true name was, screamed and cursed and struggled, in the brothers' firm grips.

It would burn with Khal Thorin Oakenshield.

And it would burn with Bilbo.

No one knew what he planned. He vowed not to be parted from the man who took him and protected him from his vicious and controlling relatives, who brought him happiness and a previously unknown freedom, not even in death. Gone was the happy, naive, near-child who had fallen in love with the stubborn king.

Bilbo Baggins, the end of a dying line, would burn in the hottest fire he could manage.

Gollum's screams continued to crack on the air and dragged Bilbo's eyes from his Moon and Stars. The wretch was stripped to a loincloth and the ropes that would hold longer than the wood and longer than

what they held would draw breath.

"How could I have pitied you," Bilbo rasped, too soft for anyone to hear.

Beside him, Fili held a torch while Kili lit it. Then, with a bow, the torch was held out. Bilbo took it and waited. Kili walked behind him to a box on Bilbo's other side and lifted from in the petrified dragon's egg. Bilbo just nodded at him and he took the egg and laid it at Thorin's cheek.

"Must you do this?" Gandalf asked. He had come up silently but Bilbo did not startle.

"I must," Bilbo replied shortly.

Gandalf just stared until Bilbo was forced to elaborate, though it was Thorin's people he addressed, rather than Gandalf alone.

"My name is Bilbo Baggins and I will retake my homeland for you, for me, for us, for Khal Thorin Oakenshield if you will but stand with me. I don't take it back out of revenge or greed but to grant you a home beyond the grasslands. Any of you who wish to leave may do so."

Some did, running into the dark as if Bilbo didn't know exactly who they were and couldn't have them chased down, if that was what he desired.

"Khaleesi," Gollum's voice was raw but it still spoke to him. He didn't turn but Gollum knew he was listening. "We takes your precious and now we all burn. Youse all will burn and die and we still has your precious."

Bilbo's heart thudded furiously in his chest. Don't listen. Never listen.

Gandalf's lips tighten and he grips his walking staff more tightly. "Khaleesiâ€œBilbo, please do not sacrifice yourself for nothing."

Bilbo turned to look at the haggard features, all the more apparent in flickering torch light. "I must do this. You know that and I know that."

"I don't know that," Gandalf snapped, losing his composure.

Bilbo could only offer a smile, as much a good bye as a soothing gesture. Then he turned and stepped forward to light the fire.

As flames worked their way to his beloved, the creature began to chant inanely and then to scream as its pallid, grey-green skin burned and peeled away from muscle and bone. When it stopped thrashing and gave its final scream, Bilbo stepped up to the flames.

Heat flooded his face and exposed skin until he touched it. He stared down at Thorin's face, his hard features softened in death. Bilbo touched his beard, his hair and finally his face. His dark hair was glowing when Bilbo leaned down to press a final kiss to the Khal's

lips.

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When dawn broke, the pyre was naught but cinder and ash and a few chunks of wood too stubborn to burn through. Gandalf, Fili and Kili were the first to approach what was left as the others of their company began to awaken.

A pile of ash shifted before them. They stared, eyes round, as Bilbo Baggins, one of the last in the line of Dragonlords, possibly the last, looked up at them. He was naked and any hair he'd borne, head to foot, was burned away. On his shoulder was a dragon. It was a foot long and golden-bellied and winged while its back was closer to bronze. It glared up at the three men with hard, topaz eyes as Bilbo stood, slowly, still expressionless.

The brothers, now Bilbo's blood riders, bowed low in the face of something they could not understand. Gandalf hesitated, then followed suit. The remaining company was not far behind. Bilbo watched them all and reached up to pet the dragon. Smaug. Born of fire and risen from the ashes of his and Thorin's love and revenge.

The dragon crooned and arched under Bilbo's touch. "It wasn't hot enough," was all he said as he stood on trembling legs. Smaug seemed to nod regally. Nothing was too hot for it or its Dragonlord. Nothing could stop them.

\*\*The End.\*\*

\*\*What do you guys think? Please Review and thanks for reading!\*\*

End  
file.